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T H E

GREAT ATONEMENT ILLUSTRATED.

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A P O E M.

CONTAINING A PLEA OF ALL THE SUBSIDIARY
ATTRIBUTES OF DEITY, BEFORE THE GRAND
COUNCIL IN HEAVEN—THE SEVEN SPIRITS
OF GOD—THE SEAL OF THE ETERNAL
COVENANT.

By REV. L. A. ALFORD,

LOGANSPORT, IND.

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INVOCATION.

GREAT GOD! Supreme, Eternal, Wise,
Who decks the starry, azure skies,
The mountains rear in awe sublime,
Who rolls the wheels of transient time;
Who bounds the ocean and the sea:
Who measures vast eternity!
Far back, Thy power, what creature knew,
And onward—O eternal view
Of God—diselosing might and power,
Through time's short effervescient hour;
Then on—how wildly reels my brain,
As here I trace the wondrous chain
Of cause. Uprising toward Thy throne,
Where Thou, O God! art God alone!
Who can by searching find out Thee?
Or mark the eyes, Thou canst see!

Or change Thy will! O who so vain—
Thou canst Omnipotence maintain—
Canst fashion worlds, in bright array,
From chaos bring the king of day.
Then what is man? O look on me
As I this pencil draw for Thee!
Wisdom endow! O light of God!
Illume! for who on earth, abroad
Can make Thee known! O God of Love,
Or antedate the heaven above.
Prince! King! and Potentate divine,
Through Thee heaven's blessed pavillions shine
Perpetual—ceaseless—glorious—bright—
O Son of God! my soul's delight.
Breathe through this offering, God of grace!
And thus reflect thy glorious face
To all! who through this Poem see,
The Great Atonement made for me.

THE

GREAT ATONEMENT ILLUSTRATED.

PART I.

WONDROUS LOVE! O sacred place!
To gaze on God's atoning grace,
The fount revealed for mortal woe,
Transcends all fountains here below.
'Twas Mercy, then, prevailed to stay
The sentence of that dreadful day,
When Justice's sword uplifted high,
Proclaimed the creature man must die.
Around the bright, the azure throne,
The attributes of glory shone;
The law of God, the central flame,
Aloud his hate of sin proclaim,

Nor dare a Seraph round the throne,
A thought of grace or hope make known.
'Twas thus amidst the council high,
Before the throne, a Post drew nigh,
And heralded the tidings there,
That Eden's favored, happy pair,
With hand upraised 'gainst Deity,
Had ate of the forbidden tree,
And now advanced in knowledge far,
Would soon commence eternal war,
If suffered to pursue this strife,
And touch or taste the tree of life.

The Dreadful Tidings.

GDREADFUL moment! man who fell,
God's image! now the child of hell,
Lost! Lost forever! This his fate,
Transcended by his lost estate;
A comrade of Jehovah—God,
To sink beneath th' uplifted rod,
T' exist in death yet never die
Throughout a vast eternity;
T' oppose the high and holy One—
A race for woe, a race undone!
Now Mercy weeps before the Throne,
Bows low in grief, yet not alone,
For Love! Eternal love is there,
In tears to offer up a prayer.

The Tree of Life.

WHEN loud the mighty thunders roll,
God must the creature man control,
From dust he came, to dust must go,
Or fight in unsuccessful woe.
O mighty Gabriel! take thy sword,
Hear thou thy great Creator's word;
Place terror round the Tree of Life,
And thus forestal th' eternal strife.
'Twas done! the mighty angel came,
With flaming sword, in God's great name,
And round that tree in flame and fire
Revealed the great Jehovah's ire.
His burnished sword in vivid glare,
Surrounds it—keeps it everywhere,
From man's fell touch—Omnific God,
Now holds o'er man his death-doom rod

Of terror! Then he hides away,
'Midst thickest trees, at close of day.
Afraid! ashamed! O whither flee,
Thou helpless child of infamy.

The Grand Council.*

NOW, call a Council near my throne,
Let all my attributes be known,
Each in his office, speak, and tell
Your sentence on the pair that fell;
For whom fair Eden's vernal flowers,
Its streams, and fruits, and shady bowers
Were made, and fashioned, rich and rare,
To make of them a happy pair.
No pain, nor grief, nor woe was found,
Upon this consecrated ground;

*NOTE.—A council or agreement of parties must precede a covenant confirmed. In Gal. iii: 15 we read "that the Covenant that was confirmed of God in Christ, the law which was four hundred and thirty years after can not disannul." Hence the decision of this Council established the Covenant of Grace upon an invulnerable basis, because it was confirmed of God.

Nor thorn nor briar entered there,
To mar their peace, or list their care.
Come Justice! weigh the dreadful crime,
Come Mercy! attribute divine,
Come Light! that luminates the soul,
Come Life! that must pervade the whole;
Come Holiness! with open face,
Come Love! and speak of hope and grace,
Come Truth! thou pillar of my throne,
Make this, thy great Grand Council known!
Thus spake Jehovah, from his throne,
Th' Eternal Three, the Mighty ONE!

The Plea of Justice.

JUSTICE advanced with lifted sword,
To Thee, O mighty God! adored,
Belongs the honor of Thy law,
For this, unsheathed, my sword I draw;
To them Thou gavest Thy command,
To them the beauteous Eden land,
To them all nature's glorious light,
To them all majesty and might.
Thou gavest unto them the skill
To govern everything at will;
Beasts of the field to them gave awe,
Fowls of the air their glory saw,
And every living, creeping thing,
To them to name, the angels bring;
They knew Thy stern, Thy dreadful law,
Thy power and glory too they saw,

Then ruthless, with revengeful hand,
They violate Thy great command.
My sentence, then, the only one,
As they are lost, destroyed, undone,
I, Justice, claim that as they fell,
They both must die, and sink to hell!
Then Justice waved his glittering sword,
The Council bowed before the Lord,
The law was just, none could deny,
That man had fallen—man must die.

Mercy's Plea for Man.

WHEN MERCY rose, with radiant face,
With patient hope, and full of grace.

I ask, O God! around Thy throne,

Where is my attribute made known?

When great Apollyon did rebel,

When myriad sinning angels fell,

Then Thou wast Conqueror—Thou alone,

But didst not make Thy mercy known.

Then let me plead in Thy blest name

Before th' Eternal, burning flame,

Will Thy great glory louder tell,

Should Thy fair image sink to hell.

Is there no way that Thou canst be

A God of mercy? O to Thee!

All suppliant creatures bow and fear,

Thy dreadful sentence, Lord to hear;

Then let me plead for sinful man,
Thy stroke t' avert, a hope, a plan
Of Mercy in his helpless case,
A plea of Justice and of Grace.
Thy Excellence must surely know,
That untold millions, born to woe,
Without one ray of hope must die,
And sink in death eternally!
'Tis dreadful that a race must die,
Yet live disgraced in infamy,
Never Thy goodness Lord to know,
Never to them Thy mercy show!
That they who by transgression fell,
Should still augment the host of hell,
Bring myriads to that dreadful place,
Who never heard of hope or grace,
Were born condemned to endless woe,
Without their *will* to make them so;
'Twas never so in heaven before,
Who sinned, the penal sentence bore,

The twain who did Thy law disgrace,
On them alone the sentence place;
For, O Eternal! can it be
That babes that die, should never see
The light of Thy bright azure throne,
Must never know the Holy One?
O let me plead 'midst heaven's bright throng,
To whom this spirit-race belong,
When they shall die, the spirit bright,
May dwell with us, in endless light.
Can not the holy law abound,
The infant saved—the lost be found?
And still another plea I make,
O look on man, for Mercy's sake,
He was deceived! the subtle foe,
Laid deep the plan of mortal woe.
Then shall he perish—always die?
Himself and his posterity?
Can not a God of boundless grace,
The sin remove—the guilt efface,

And let the suppliant sinner live,
Atonement make—the wrong forgive?
Then Mercy bowed her radiant face,
Before th' Eternal throne of grace,
The Council waved their palms, and then
Love whispered audibly—Amen!

Light's Declaration.

WHEN LIGHT advanced before the throne,
To make his declaration known.

O great Eternal! Three in One,

Apostate man is lost, undone,

Nor can I in his bondage see,

A way for his recovery:

From me he had all wisdom given,

He could converse with me in heaven;

All knowledge of Thy will if sought,

I to his understanding brought.

Was he deceived? Apollyon, too,

Thought he could fight rebellion through,

Thou temptest none—Thy law was plain,

If he partook, he must be slain.

Was there a shadow in Thy law.

That Justice would his sword withdraw,

Or was the lying Serpent's word
More truthful than th' Eternal Lord?
Well may the imps of black despair
Make loud appeals, bow low in prayer,
If aught but equity should reign,
If Thou shouldst not Thy law maintain.
His soul is blackened by his sin,
Corrupt without—depraved within,
Lost to all equity—estrays,
A demon in a house of clay.
His soul will riot 'gainst Thy will,
Deceitful, treacherous, vicious, still
A child of death, of pain and woe,
A curse to all Thy works below.
Art Thou dishonored by Thy dust,
With whom Thou didst Thine honor trust,
Thou crown'st his head with glory's wreath,
And now he's dashed it far beneath
His feet! and tampers now with Thee,
And hopes t' excuse his infamy.

Then can I utter to his praise,
Or ask to lengthen out his days?
No! hurl them down to endless night,
Nor let them share one ray of light,
If they would not Thy voice obey,
In deepest darkness let them stay.
When Orient Light had ceased to speak,
Love dropped a tear on Mercy's cheek.

Life's Plea for Man.

WHEN LIFE, that vivifies the mind,
Made his great plea for lost mankind.
Great God! Thy power all creatures know,
In heaven above, on earth below,
Hence Life pervades all worlds around,
Because Thy power and grace abound.
The life I gave through Thy great plan,
When breathed into the creature, man,
Gave him the power Thyself to know,
Gave him the power for weal or woe.
His form was earthly, made of clay,
A child of time, of night and day;
He labored through the sunny hours,
Then slept unconscious 'midst the bowers.
Unlike the angels round Thy throne,
Where all Thine attributes are known,

He lived on fruits, he dressed the ground,
Where Eden's fragrant flowers abound.
His soul was thus in fettered clay,
O'erwhelmed by all the grand array,
Of myriad beasts, of birds, of flowers,
That filled the earth, the air, the bowers.
To him Thou didst a helpmeet give,
With him to toil, with him to live,
For 'twas not good before Thy throne,
That man should dwell on earth alone.
To her his soul's affections ran,
With her his hopes of life began,
She was to him his joy and life,
His consort and his lawful wife.
Then 'midst the garden, dressed with care,
Where fragranee filled the cerulean air,
The Tree of Life all glorious, bright,
Shone like the queenly orb of night.
There, near it, too, that wondrous Tree
Of Knowledge! they could plainly see,

Its foliage and its flowers so fair,
And sweet, attractive fruits were there
To make one wise! to understand
The nature of God's high command.
But on that strange, deceptive tree,
They could in God's handwriting see,
"This fruit brings pain and dark despair,
Taste not, for death is hidden there!"
Thus days and years in Thine employ,
They dressed this Eden field with joy,
Reared sons and daughters to Thy name,
The "Sons of God" of Orient fame.
But here comes one of serpent skill,
Some marvelous mission to fulfill,
He tells the woman that this tree
Will make them wise as Deity;
Will ope their eyes the good to know,
And make them gods on earth below.
What was his mission, who could tell?
Till they had ate the fruit and fell.

'Twas only by assumption fair,
The tempter lured this happy pair;
'Twas through this subtle, lying way,
He did destroy this house of clay.
But man's immortal, conscious soul,
Will live while ceaseless ages roll,
And, though the sentence, he must die,
Brings death to his posterity,
And drapes the soul in endless grief,
From which the Law brings no relief,
Yet Thy great Law, which Justice gave,
Can be fulfilled, for God can save.
Yea, more! I see thro' Thy great name,
Mercy may life to man proclaim,
And life, eternal life abound,
The soul redeemed—salvation found.
'Tis Thine, O great Eternal Power!
To re-create this fallen flower;
It can be done, then, O what love
Will swell the notes of praise above!

Will echo through the vaulted skies,

Will to the King of glory rise.

Then LIFE, with modest grace, alone

Bowed low before the burning throne,

While Love and Mercy hopeful said,

Our God can raise the sleeping dead.

The Plea of Holiness.

WHEN HOLINESS, with open face,
Appeared before the throne of grace:

I bow before Thy radiant throne,
For Thou art great, and great alone,
And Holiness belongs to Thee,
Great God! throughout eternity.

What can a sinner ask of me?

For, O 'twould be impunity

If aught but Holiness I claimed,

When Thy great law has been defamed.

They fell! then death, the forfeiture

They must receive—they must endure.

I must to them the tidings bear,

Sin sinks the sinning in despair.

Thy law was holy, just and good,

Its penalty they understood,

“That God hath said we'll surely die

If we partake, we can't deny.”

'Tis plain to all the Council, true,
That this great end God had in view;
When first the law was uttered there,
When first appeared this happy pair.
That they might know His sovereign will,
And all His purposes fulfill,
One great command, one stern decree,
Should test their souls' fidelity;
They understood the sentence well,
Before they ate the fruit and fell.
Nor less could great Jehovah do,
For He is holy, just and true,
Than firm maintain His stern decree,
Who breaks my law condemned must be.
Man knows his sin, his guilt and shame,
He trembles at Thy dreadful name;
Polluted, overwhelmed in woe,
Where can the wretched creature go?
No law for sin can e'er atone,
No sacrifice is yet made known,

Whereby the guilty soul can live,
Or God be just, and still forgive.
If there could be a throne of grace,
A sacrifice for Adam's race,
None would exult so much as I,
None louder Abba, Father, cry.
But Holiness must have his claim,
From age to age Thou art the same,
Eternal, Uncreated Three!
The doom of man must come from Thee.
Amidst the angels round Thy throne,
There's none that can for sin atone;
There's none that can his spirit save,
Or raise his body from the grave.
But let me ask Thy grace for man,
For who can open up the plan—
Can Justice smite the infant race;
Can Light point out the time and place
When they in sinning did rebel,
Why they should sink to death and hell?

Then let one thought for them be given,
A way of life, a hope of heaven,
For Holiness can not abound,
And punish where no sin is found.
That they are fallen all agree,
That sin brings death and misery;
But can I leave them in despair?
Nor offer up for them a prayer?
But silent let them sink in grief,
Since I can offer no relief?
O no! I ask, O God, of Thee!
A way for their recovery.
When Holiness had made his plea,
A halo covered Deity;
And bright th' Eternal Scepter shone,
As clouds of incense filled the throne,
The Council now, with solemn awe,
The Archetypal Saviour saw
The wondrous King! the Mighty One!
The great High Priest! God's only Son.

Love's Plea for Man.

WHEN LOVE, disinterested Love!
Celestial radiance, Heavenly Dove!
For man appeared before the throne,
To make God's wondrous purpose known.
In God all love and goodness dwells,
This all His works of wonder tells,
For since the highest dust was laid,
Thou hast for man provision made.
His form was fashioned by Thy skill,
To honor Thee, to do Thy will;
There was no power in finite man,
To thwart the great Jehovah's plan.
Thou mad'st him *man*, then he could be
A holy being, sinless, free
From all the ills of mortal woe,
From every subtle, artful foe.

Thus having power to worship Thee,
That power reversed was infamy ;
He chose the latter, chose to fall,
And lose his home, his life, his all.
But will his fall forever be?
O God! will this dishonor Thee?
Since Thou in knowledge infinite,
Can counteract the withering blight,
Can raise from death a child of God,
And spread Thy love and grace abroad,
And make Thy great Salvation known,
And glorify Thyself alone.
'Tis mine to show the wondrous plan,
By which the sinful creature, man,
Can of the Tree of Life partake,
Or who the great atonement make.
That man may have probation given,
T' escape from death and rise to heaven,
A SAVIOUR clothed with power must go,
And drink the cup of mortal woe.

He must in nature be divine,
In Him resplendent glories shine;
He must be man, to represent
The banished and the banishment.
He must have power to raise the dead,
To save the soul that God hath made,
The power to speak man's sins forgiven,
To sanctify the soul for heaven.
Then He must suffer in their stead,
Must bruise the lying serpent's head,
Must conquer death, must ope the grave,
Must manumit the fettered slave;
He must a crown and Kingdom gain,
Must break the conquering tyrant's chain.
The second Adam He must be,
His people's rock, their surety,
Their righteousness, their mighty Lord
Their Saviour and their great reward.
Then His bright garments they must wear,
Must offer up to Him their prayer

Must all things for His name forsake,
And of His life by faith partake;
And He in them must dwell alone,
Their spirits hide, their sins atone.
Who then for man will undertake—
Who ean the great atonement make?
There is a "Book"* in Thy right hand,
In which is written Thy command,
No angel dares to break the seals,
Or tell what that strange Book reveals.
No! in it lies the glorious plan,
The hope, and joy, and life of man;
The way from earth to glories bright,
The path from darkness up to light.
Now, Lord, Thy marvelous work reveal,
Nor from this Council still conceal,
Thy thoughts of love for man displayed,
The plan Thy matchless mind surveyed:

*See Rev. v: 1—5.

All things on earth for man were made,
All light and darkness, sun and shade,
All oceans, torrents, rivers, rills,
All mountains, valleys, plains and hills,
All mines of gold and precious stone,
Were made for man, and man alone.
Thus earth was fashioned by Thy skill,
That man Thy purpose might fulfill.
Deep in the earth are treasures rare,
Which Thy great mind has hidden there
Man will these hidden treasures find,
Will thus reveal Thy wondrous mind.
His great inventive power will show,
What Thou hast thought, what Thou didst know
What harmony, what power and fame,
Surrounds the great Creator's name.
He can the earth adorn, subdue,
Bring all its hidden powers to view,
Reveal the great Creator—God,
And widely spread Thy name abroad.

But if he can not be forgiven,
Can never know the way to heaven,
Born but to live in infamy,
Could he reveal Thy majesty;
Could he those hidden treasures bring
That glorify th' Eternal King?
No! all is lost that Thou hast made,
If man's great debt can not be paid!
When Love had ceased to speak of grace,
And in the Council took her place,
Resplendent glory was revealed,
Round Him who held the Book that's sealed,
Melchisedek was whispered there,
He will the way of life prepare,
He will prevail to break the seal,
Eternal life and hope reveal.

Truth's Great Revelation.

WHEN TRUTH, the pillar of God's throne,
Made man's redemption fully known.

O great Jehovah! mighty God!

To me 'tis given to spread abroad

Thy marvelous work of Life and Love,

The fountain from Thy throne above.

Thou lovest truth, and truth alone,

Hence to appear before Thy throne,

The sinner must Thy Word believe,

Thy sanctifying truth receive.

Faith in Thy name alone can save,

For truth Thy faithful promise gave;

Then to believers truth can say,

Thou art the only living way.

But ere my proclamation's sent,

To bring the soul from banishment,

The great atonement must be made,
The archetypal ransom paid.
Justice and Holiness must see,
The sacrificial mystery,
And Light, Eternal Light abound,
Where darkness never can be found.
Then LIFE, if endless life be given,
To raise the soul from earth to heaven,
He must in harmony divine,
With Love and Mercy always shine.
The "WORD" made flesh, Eternal Three,
Must live in man's humanity,
Must drink the bitterest dregs of woe,
Must weep as mortals weep below.
Thou must be shrouded in the clay,
Be tempted, tried, a castaway,
All infamy and shame endure,
Still living perfect, sinless, pure,
Man's perfect pattern Thou must be,
His exaltation comes from Thee;

Then let us pause and look to Thee!
O mighty God! O wondrous Three.
The Council rose before the throne,
They saw the bright, celestial ONE!
Rise from the throne of Deity,
The Son of God, eternally!
His *form* was MAN of radiant light,
Clothed with a robe of spotless white.
The Lamb of God! the Priest and King!
Now gives HIMSELF an offering!

The Great Tragedy.

THEY pause with awe! the Lamb of God
Appears beneath th' uplifted rod,
O God I come to do Thy will!
Thy Law and purpose to fulfill.
Then loud a voice before the Throne,
Cries, "Justice smite the Holy One!
Nor spare the Lamb for sinners slain,
God's Justice and His Law maintain!"
Let rivers deep of anguish roll,
Let sorrow fill the Saviour's soul,
O let the Second Adam see,
The bitterest dregs of misery.
Spare not the well beloved Son!
Let Him the wine-press tread alone!
O bare His breast to grief and pain!
O let Him upon the Cross be slain!

Let hate from them for whom He dies,
Make this a wondrous sacrifice;
Let soldiers pierce the Saviour's side,
Even those for whom the Saviour died!
Nay, more! Come Light and pierce Him now!
To thy stern mandate He must bow!
And through His wounded side reveal,
The fount that can the sinner heal.

The Sacrificial Prototype.

WHEN JUSTICE smote the Holy One!
The archetype is God's dear Son.
LIGHT raised his burnished, pointed dart,
And pierced the great Redeemer's heart!
Then sprinkling over the burning throne,
This Archetypal blood! alone—
Applied, from sin the soul makes free,
And fits it Lord to dwell with Thee.
And now, O Fountain, ceaseless Spring
From out the throne of heaven's Great King
Proceed! A river deep and wide,
Dividing by its ceaseless tide—
The stream of death! On either shore,
Thy fears and terrors now are o'er.
Celestial Fount! now man through Thee,
May dwell in blest Eternity.

Then through the Saviour's wounded side,
Flowed forth a fountain deep and wide,
The law is holy, just and good,
And man is saved through Jesus' blood.
Behold! He takes the Mercy Seat,
The covenant types are now complete,
The Great Atonement now is made,
The Archetypal ransom paid.

The Time and Place.

WHEN from the bright Celestial Throne,
The voice of God is widely known,
In loud acclaim, O host attend!
The TYPE and ANTITYPE I blend
In one. The Covenant now revealed,
*Is to His human body sealed,
In promise made to fallen clay,
Which I will raise to endless day.
Four thousand years! Grand Council hear!
Then near to Calvary's brow appear,
Witness His human anguish there,
O listen to His dying prayer
Unmoved! amidst His plaintive cries!
This is God's great Sacrifice.

* NOTE.—Here is the great Seal of the Everlasting Covenant, made through the Archetypal Saviour before the world began.

In fullness of this promise, He
Will bleed and die on Calvary,
While nails and spear His body tear,
He'll make the perfect offering there;
Rise from the dead and ope the grave,
The man redeem the sinner save.

The Song of Redemption.

NOW Mercy, Truth, Light, Life and Love,
Shout man's redemption from above,
Each wave their Palms of glory high,
The Council Abba, Father, cry.
I'll look on Jesus, Justice said,
For man is sinful, lost and dead,
Who looks to Him in faith and love,
I'll welcome to the heaven above;
And all who through the Saviour come,
Are welcome to this glorious home.
I'm satisfied, said Holiness,
Man may partake of heavenly grace,
Yea, that frail tenement of clay,
Jesus can raise to endless day,
As trophies of redemption bring,
And glorify th' Eternal King.

I can illume the soul, said Light,
Can chase away the shades of night,
Can open up the living way,
To brighter realms, to glorious day.
Now I can Life Eternal give,
Can bid the dying sinner live,
Can break the conquering tyrant's chain,
And bring the wanderer home again;
I, LIFE, can raise the sleeping dead
And o'er the grave a halo shed.
Now Mercy, Truth and Love unite,
In songs of praise and sweet delight,
All glory to th' Almighty Three,
'Tis heaven's eternal jubilee.

* * * * *

Then God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Proclaimed to all around the Throne,
Go make my great Salvation known;

I'll Deify the human clay,
And raise it up to endless day.
Now let the fatted calf be killed,
My law in man has been fulfilled.
Worship my Son, ye angels bright,
Rejoice in Him, ye sons of light;
Let songs and praises loud arise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
The Temple's veil is rent in twain,
Behold! the Lamb for sinners slain.
Then this Grand Council all unite,
On Golden Harps, in glory bright,
To praise in song the wondrous Three,
For fallen man's recovery.

The Prodigal Son and Brother.

THROUGH JESUS, see the wasteful Son,
Who had by sin himself undone,

Now made alive, the lost is found,

Let merry hearts in heaven abound.

A ring upon his finger place,

Let him receive atoning grace,

On him bestow a father's care,

Let him the robe of glory wear.

Thus while this Council, all divine,

Loud anthems shout through heaven's broad clime,

A host of angels gather round,

Alert to hear the joyful sound

Of music rich with mirthful glee,

So near the throne of Deity.

“O Mercy! holy cherub tell,

Why these loud notes of music swell,

In echoing strains of life and hope,
To angel minds a polyscope.
What visitant in God's bright fane,
Does this Grand Concert entertain?
Come answer now, O tell to me
The cause of this great jubilee!"
So spake th' Archangel of the Host,
To one who loved the Saviour most.
Thy Brother! O thy brother's come!
Thy Father saw him lost, undone!
He loved him, to his rescue ran,
Embraced him in a glorious plan,
Of Hope, of Mercy, and of Love,
And now exalted far above
The angels! who around the throne,
Have e'er obeyed all orders known.
'Tis strange, th' Archangel loudly cried,
'Tis strange, indeed, the host replied.
No merry song for us begun,
When we the dreadful battle won;

When great Apollyon's host rebelled,
When we the great rebellion quelled.
Then sadly turned this eldest Son,
From those who praised th' Incarnate one
*I can not enter there and see,
That Prodigal of infamy,
And shout God's praises o'er his name,
When he has lived in sin and shame."
"Did he not fall as angels fell?
Was he not then the child of hell?
Did he not with the demons join,
To waste his substance—feed the swine?
Alas! alas! all joy has fled,
For this, my brother once, is dead
In sin! nor can he cleanse the stain,
Or heaven's immortal shore regain."

*NOTE.—"He was angry and would not go in, and his father came out and entreated him."

The *anger* here spoken of did not imply a passion of hate or malice, but that of surprise and disappointment. This is plainly implied by the term "entreated him." See Luke xv: 32.

Hark! listen! O ye heavenly host!
Is not this glory Thine at most?
All heaven is Thine, then O what more
Can fill your undiminished store?
Am I a Father? then to me
A child may look, in misery,
And ask a father's tender care,
May seek in penitential prayer
To be restored. Then if I choose,
Should heaven's bright loving host refuse,
To recognize my right in this,
My son to meet, my son to kiss?

Redemption Explained.

YOU see, thy younger brother fell;
And justly, too, he sank to hell!
But when a race of spirit mind,
By procreation through mankind,
Would still augment the demon crew,
Who my contempt and thunders drew,
And joyful they o'er millions slain,
On whom no voluntary stain
Of sin *per se*, to make them so,
We could not their just claim forego;
We did for them provide a way,
From darkness up to brighter day.
Then, dearest Son thou art with me
Forever! All I have to Thee
I give, for all of heaven is Thine;
Then with us in devotion join,

For one of us has deigned to dwell
 In that dear human form that fell!
 O look toward the throne and see,
 Th' Incarnate form of Deity!

* * * * *

Then Jesus rose in matchless love
 And recognized the host above,
 Each joined in praise with loud acclaim,
 To Him, the Lamb for sinners slain!
 And thus to millions round the throne,
 He made the great Atonement known.

* * * * * *

But now a wonder doth arise,
 Throughout the courts of Paradise,
 To which the angels anxious look,
 As Christ unseals that Mystic Book.
 How can He! whispering angels say,
 How can He open up the way,
 And make His archetypal blood
 A healing fount—a cleansing flood?

Come near, bright angels! near my throne,
I'll make to you this mystery known:
Can you not in my *essence* see
The TYPE of man's humanity?
This type I can personify,
My human form for man must die,
I'll make this type the sacrifice,
Till on the Cross my body dies.
I'll institute for fallen man,
A Sinaitic, wondrous plan,
Unfold through shadows, plain to see,
And Priest t' atone through prayer to Me.
The Lamb shall evermore remain,
An emblem of my body slain;
Slain by the Priest, for sin it dies,
By faith, a cleansing sacrifice.
This type no law can e'er reveal,
But faith can break the mystic seal,
And to the soul within declare,
God hears the penitential prayer.

Then through the offering they will see,
The great Atonement made by me.
Come angels hear God's only Son,
Hear what my sacrifice has done,
For all of Adam's fallen race,
In every age, in every place.
To all who die in childhood's morn,
They shall my glorious throne adorn,
Receive them through atoning grace,
And bring them to this happy place,
They're mine—the jewels of my love,
Entitled to my home above.
Then to repentent sinners—hear!
Who humbly bow in hope and fear,
Who take my easy yoke will find
Salvation through th' Eternal Mind.
To such, near to the "river" stand,
Show them the heavenly Canaan land,
Receive them clothed in robes of white,
The heirs of God! the sons of Light!

These are the Prodigal restored,
The sons and daughters of the Lord.
In Royal Highness they shall stand,
Before my throne in high command,
All clothed in garments white as snow!
The Royalty! from earth below.
But he who spurns my bleeding side
To him there is no cleansing tide,
That can avail in death's dark hour,
He's lost beyond th' atoning power,
If he will not my voice obey,
He must at death be cast away.
Thus angels knew God's wondrous plan,
And sacrifice He made for man.

Adam's Farewell to Eden.

NOW ADAM learns his awful state,
He sees at Eden's eastern gate,
The flaming sword in fearful glare,
Around Life's tree that's blooming there.
"O Tree of Life! farewell, farewell!
No more can I in Eden dwell!
No longer dress my beauteous home,
But alien-like forever roam.
Why did I let the tempter's power,
(Ingrate! ah, lost! delusive hour),
Control my will—why did I eat?
And at the lying serpent's feet,
Fall prone, a captive, lost, undone!
O hide me yonder setting sun,
From wrath of God! I fear to stay,
I'm naked! guilty! cast away!
With thorns and thistles I must dwell,
Return to dust—must sink to hell

Unwept! O Mercy, hear my cry!

O cast on me a pitying eye!"

Then Jesus hears their plaintive cry,

He's near them—calls them—asks them why

They touched or tasted that strange fruit,

Which did their natures quite imbrute,

And lost them Eden's blissful place,

And overwhelmed them in disgrace.

He clothed them up, then led the way

Far eastward, where the twain might stay.

* * * * * * *

But o'er this wreck of mortal life,

Beyond its toils, its pains, its strife,

Loom up in grandeur far away,

A hope of heaven's immortal day,

A promise Jesus makes to man,

As He unfolds the wondrous plan,

Accepts all offerings in His name,

And takes away the creature's shame.

The Sons of God.

NOW look on earth, O look and see!
A host still sinless, pure and free;
They take of Life's fair tree below,
To them the "sword" no terrors show.
Who are these "Sons of God" we see,
The sinless of humanity?
These are the first of Adam's race,
Who had not sinned, who kept their place,
Whose pitying looks from day to day,
Their parents see and turn away.
Thus scattered o'er the earth abroad,
These sons of light, these sons of God
In multiplying numbers grow,
Renowned and great on earth below

Their form the same as they who fell
In Eden—still they sinless dwell,
The sons of God from suffering free,
They can the great Jehovah see.
Then God commands this host t' appear,
Come all ye sons and daughters near,
O hear this order, hear for life!
*Thou shalt not take to thee a wife

*NOTE.—It is not only implied in the Holy Scriptures that marriage was interdicted between the two races (the Sons of God and the Sons of Men), but reason itself would clearly show it to be necessary, because it must involve a posterity of sinners. "Can a fig-tree, my brethren, bear oliveberries, either a vine figs? So can no fountain both yield salt-water and fresh." Jas. iii: 12.

Nor could the pure in nature contract wedlock with the fallen in nature without sin; this could not be true were both parties by nature unholy. "And the woman which hath a husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband else were your children unclean, but now are they holy." 1 Cor. vii: 13, 14.

But here we have two distinct natures, separated of God, Adam being cast out of Eden, therefore to unite these natures, would involve the consequences of transgression in each alike.

Of those who ate the fruit and fell!
Who eastward now of Eden dwell.
Mark my command, obey my will,
My law and purpose now fulfill;
For should you sin against this light
You, too, shall sink in endless night.

The Sons of Men.

WHEN ABEL, first of fallen man,
Accepts the great atoning plan,
And offers up his firstlings there,
While God accepts his suppliant prayer.
Then Cain, the murderer, feels the rod,
Of his Supreme Creator—God,
Is cursed on earth, a fugitive
In sin and infamy to live.
O God! he cries in awful woe,
Who finds me 'midst the host below,
Will take my life, will hunt me there,
The curse is more than I can bear.
Then God announced in stern decree
Which all on earth could plainly see,
Who killeth Cain the fratricide,
On him a sevenfold curse abide.

Then men in mighty numbers grew,
As untold ages rapid flew,
They marry daughters who till then,
Were not engulfed in Adam's sin.
The Sons of God, above disgrace,
Look on the fair of Adam's race,
Take wives of them 'gainst God's decree,
And sink with them in infamy;
Thus mortal sin was wondrous, great,
The thoughts of man were thoughts of hate,
Till God in sorrow saw the fall
Had triumphed o'er and ruined all!
God looked o'er earth but could not see,
A man who dared to taste Life's Tree;
For all had mixed with Adam's race,
For all had sinned in every place.
Then, O what crimes on earth were found!
In every place the very ground
Cried out to God! for Justice's sword
To cleanse the earth before the Lord.

Man's sin is great! Jehovah cries,
My wrath and sentence fills the skies,
Six score of years and I'll fulfill
The dreadful sentence of my will;
I'll rid the earth of such a race,
By flood! unless they seek my face.
Then Noah bowed before the Lord,
Loved His commands, obeyed His word,
Found grace in Jesus' pardoning blood,
And made the Ark t' escape the flood.

The Deluge.

THE storm begins! the rain descends,
The torrent with the river blends
In one vast sea, the rising tide,
Leaps over valleys long and wide,
While terror wild pervades the plain,
As thousands hasten through the rain,
To some vast mountain top, to stay
Till clouds and storms have passed away.
But fountains deep, by God's command,
Sweep through the forest, o'er the land,
In awful rage! Ah, sinful race,
They've spurned God's mercy and His grace.
The beasts that o'er the forests roam,
Now sink in universal gloom,
The swelling floods all flesh behold,
How useless palaces or gold,

Men cling to tree-tops in the storm,
From evening shades to early morn;
The mother holds her offspring high
Above the waves! O hear her cry
To God for help! Alas! the day
Of man's probation's passed away;
Bereft! at length she sinks away,
And wavelets hide this house of clay.
Still on! the floods are rising still,
The vale submerged, and now the hill,
And further on! the mountain top,
The rising billows fail to stop.
Now forty days have passed and gone,
The waves still roll their terrors on;
To all but God's elected few,
Shut in the Ark from mortal view,
They safe from rain, or wave, or tide,
O'er the vast waste of waters ride.
Then o'er life's wreck, from shore to shore,
The voice of man is heard no more,


Unbounded desolation reigns,
O'er mountains, valleys, hills and plains.
But Noah, God in mercy knew,
Eight living souls, the covenant few,
He holds His gracious Scepter there,
Accepts their morn and evening prayer.
Then in His promise they rejoice,
Believe His word, obey His voice,
Life's tree from earth is swept away,
But still in realms of endless day,
It blossoms there by faith for man,
In God's Eternal Covenant plan.

God's Bow of Promise.

THE ARK has rested now, and lo!
They see the mystic circling bow,
Spread o'er the heavens in promise bright,
Its tinted hues of varied light,
And colors shaded, mixed and fair,
Are intermingled in the air.
My Bow! the rainbow in the cloud,
My covenant promise utters loud,
With thee I make a pledge of grace,
To every age—to all the race.
I'll ne'er destroy this earth again,
By waves or waste, by floods or rain,
But grant th' appointed heat and cold,
As in quotidian times of old.
Rejoice, O earth! a glorious Star!
Of promise to the race—afar

Its mystic shrine, in Jesus' blood,
Is universal as the flood,
O'er earth it spreads its light abroad,
And centers in a Covenant God.
Then leave the Ark, the earth adorn,
My promise surely I'll perform,
Seed-time and harvest I will give,
Go sow in hope—go reap and live.

Melchisedek, Christ Personified.

HEN ON! from age to age the same,
 From Shiloh God's commandment came,
 He talks with man as side by side,
 In various forms personified.
 Thus Abram met fair Salem's King,
 And made to Him an offering,
 The less was by the better blest
 *Melchisedek, th' atoning Priest.
 'Twas through Him that the Prophet's word,
 Became the mandate of the Lord,

* NOTE.—The reader will readily acquiesce in the rendering of the Poem in reference to Melchisedek, when he takes into consideration,

First. That He was Priest of the Most High God when He met Abraham (Gen. xiv: 18), and that Abraham gave Him one-tenth of his substance as tithes or offerings.

Second. That His titles and genealogy correspond with that of the Archetypal Christ. Heb. vii: 1, 2, 3. He is styled "King of Peace." So is Christ King of Righteousness, "Priest of the

'Twas through Him holy men of old,
The true Messiahship foretold.
Through every type the Shiloh gave,
Through it God could the sinner save;
E'en goats, personified in prayer,
Could sinful man's transgression bear,
And faith in Shiloh yet to come,
Spake out in bush though bush was dumb.
This was the plan—a vastly scope,
The Rock of Ages, Israel's hope,
Th' atonement made for Adam's race,
Revealed through God's atoning grace.

Most High God;" "Like unto the Son of God," or like the human form He would assume.

"Without father," this proves the Eternal Sonship of Christ.

"Without mother," before human relationship existed.

"Without descent," the Eternal Word of God. *Christ Personified.*

I humbly ask the reader to compare this view of the character of Melchisedek with the Holy Scriptures, which is our only guide to truth, other men's opinions to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Day Approaching.

BUT hasten on, ye wheels of time,
Through types and shadows most sublime.
Bring nearer, bring the glorious day,
When types and shadows flee away.
Assume the flesh for sinful man,
Th' Almighty, consubstantial plan;
Come Deify this house of clay,
Thy mighty human scepter sway,
Till o'er the earth Thy glories spread,
Till thou shalt raise the slumbering dead,
For none on earth of all its slain,
The resurrection can attain,
Till thou shalt suffer in their stead,
And raise from earth the sleeping dead,

Shalt take the keys of death away,
And open up eternal day;
Shalt chain the conquerer, free the soul,
The powers of death and hell control,
The captive lead, O wondrous King!
And home to God Thy trophies bring.



THE COVENANT FULFILLED.

PART II.

THE vista past! the types withdrawn,
The night is o'er, 'tis morning dawn,
Incarnate form, from heaven away,
And God unfold in human clay.

* * * * *

Mysterious work! Conception given!
Spirit Most High! The God of heaven
Personified in human kind!
Th' Eternal, Uncreated Mind!
Man's passive nature mute and still,
Obeys the great Creator's will,
While overshadowing glory, mild!
Produced for man th' IMMANUEL child.

The Song of Angels.

WHEN o'er Judea's midnight plains,
On angel notes, in angel strains,
Immortal anthems loud arise,
And fill with praise the vaulted skies.
Shepherds awake! to seraph song!
Good news to you, and peace belong,
Glad tidings of great joy we bring,
For unto you is born a King!
Go! go to Bethlehem, go and see,
Th' incarnate form of Deity!
Then loud the echoing anthems rise,
Celestial songsters fill the skies,
The angels spread their pinions high,
And shouts of glory fill the sky.

Now Star of Bethlehem arise!
To lead the great, to guide the wise!
Bring myrrh and incense from afar,
To Him who guides the Eastern star,
Bow low before God's only Son,
For this is God's anointed One!

* * * * *

While songs the seraph notes employ,
The honored Mary clasps with joy
Her Child! the promised Son of God!
Obscure His birth, yet far abroad,
His advent hailed by holy men,
Who moved the prototypic pen
For God! who told in ages past,
His Glory would forever last,
Till tides and seasons cease to roll,
Till floods of glory fill the soul.
Seraphic choir! O swell the song,
The nations now to Christ belong,

And death must e'en obey His word,
Man's adjuvant is Christ the Lord

* * * * *

The works and deeds of God's dear Son,
Are through His Volume widely known,
Till on that night of grief untold,
The suffering Saviour we behold.

The Sacrificial Chalice.

THAT cup! O Father can it be,
That I these dregs of infamy
Must drink? Still let Thy will be done,
The wine-press* I must tread alone.
Then cries a voice before the Throne,
Council attend! to us make known,
God's great decree for man displayed!
And how th' atoning plan was laid.
Jesus must die! the Council cried,
Must on the cross be crucified,
His prayer can not admitted be,
Sin's deepest sorrow He must see.
Then let us to His cross repair,
And witness His deep anguish there,

* See Rev. xix: 11—16.

He must the covenant pledge fulfill,
Must make a Testament—a will,
And die! (O mercy cease to weep!)
Must die and with his people sleep,
That they may on His bosom rest,
And with Him wake among the blest.

NOTE.—The Sacrifice of the body of Jesus effected only to destroy the power of death, and open up the way through death to the resurrection. The saints of preterlapsed ages entered heaven through the Archetypal Sacrifice, but were resurrected through the human sacrifice. “He was the first fruits of them that slept.”

Hence by the sealing of the archetypal nature of Christ with the human nature, our sins and transgressions can obtain remission through His blood, and secure a complete redemption when raised like unto His glorious body.

The Council at the Cross.

WHEN awful wonder fills the skies,
Transfixed the great Redeemer dies,
LIGHT threw a shadow o'er the sun,
As Jesus cried, my work is done.
The Council stood amazed with awe!
JUSTICE the great atonement saw,
Then with his sword he rent in twain,
The Temple's veil on Jewry's plain.
LIFE rent the rocks from shore to shore,
For death shall triumph now no more;
And HOLINESS triumphant said,
The Son of God shall raise the dead!
TRUTH said a bone they shall not break,
Joseph can now the body take;
Let LOVE and MERCY stay, and see
This body taken from the tree,

And buried in the chamber where
God's promised rich man* shall prepare.
Thus, these two messengers divine,
Made this dark sepulcher to shine,
Till God's appointed morning rose,
And Jesus conquered all His foes.

NOTE.—That the Son of God should be attended by the highest order of intelligence in His last great great Sacrifice, would appear self-evident. Luke xxiv. 4, speaks of two persons in shining garments. Love and Mercy being the more immediate attributes of Deity, connected with the plan of redemption, they are chosen to assist Him through His suffering and resurrection.

* See Isaiah liii: 9.

The Resurrection.

EARLY at morn, LOVE sat alone,
By Roman Seals, on that great stone,
Which soldiers placed to guard the grave,
And from his friends this body save.
But, O what glory circles round!
The soldiers like the dead are found,
Powerless beside their swords they lie,
While MERCY softly passes by.
He rose triumphant! Glorious King!
His praises speak, his praises sing,
Till He to earth again shall come,
His people meet, and welcome home.
Now Roman soldiers haste away,
At early dawn of opening day.
Sanhedrim hear! the news we bring,
Jesus has risen! the wondrous King

Has triumphed! mighty angels came,
In robes of bright and burning flame,
T' oppose them, O how weak we grew!
They rolled away the stone, and flew
Into the grave! We saw them there,
We saw His glory everywhere,
Above, around the angels came,
And glorified the conqueror's name.
We lay till Jesus left the grave,
He conquered death and He can save.

* * * * *

Hark! soldiers listen! High Priests, say,
List for your lives! we humbly pray,
You must not say that Jesus rose,
For this will all our sins disclose.
But now disciples meet the Lord,
And wondrous visions they record,
Of glory! Of celestial things,
Which Jesus to their memory brings.

He meets them where they meet to pray,
He breathes upon them, bids them stay,
And view His wounded hands and side,
Nor doubt that He was crucified.
Stay at Jerusalem and wait,
Till I have opened wide the gate
Of death! and my disciples bring,
To glorify th' Eternal King!
I'll lead you then to Bethany,
*The promised Mount of Gallilee,
I'll bless you there, then ope the way,
To brighter realms in endless day.

* See Matt. xxviii: 16—18. Luke xxiv: 50.

The Spirits in Prison.

AND now, another work behold!
Which doth Immanuel's grace unfold
In triumph! O'er death's darkest gloom,
Where spirits stay beyond the tomb.
O host! who fell before the flood,
In death's dark vale! Once Sons of God,
The prison doors I ope to you,
Who once my name and pardon knew.
When you rebelled against my law,
Though you the curse in Adam saw,
I made no promise then to you,
By which my purpose you could view;
Nor could an angel break the seal,
Which would your future state reveal.
Unlike the fallen sons of men,
You knew their pain and guilt—and then

Saw, if you mixed with human kind,
You sacrificed your God-like mind,
Of purity, of life and love,
And lost your claim to heaven above.
Regardless of my stern decree,
You sought the dregs of misery,
Till o'er the earth from shore to shore,
Life's fruit was eaten now no more.

The Key of Death.

MY mission now I will unfold,
To all "God's Sons" who sinned of old
Those who accepted in the fall,
The promise I had made to all,
Of Adam's race! who cried to me
To pardon sin—to cleanse—to free
The soul from stains that sin had made,
I have for you th' atonement laid.
And now at your dark prison door,
I offer you th' atoning power
Of resurrection! to a state
Of glory which to man of late,
I have achieved, near Calvary's hill,
Which purpose I did there fulfill.
I've conquered death, disarmed the grave,
I can th' repentent sinner save,

I can and will my people raise,
In human forms to sing my praise.
This is free grace, in mercy given,
That you may rise from earth to heaven;
That you may meet my people there,
In robes of glory in the air.
For faith hath saved you in my sight,
You called on me, you sought for light,
To lead you through death's dreadful way,
Where demons howl, and devils stay.
Who, then, your prison door could reach?
Who could to you redemption preach?
An angel could not reach this place,
Nor be a messenger of grace;
For death held undisputed sway,
His bars were stronger far than they.
Nor could a creature made of clay,
Take prisoners from this cell away;
I, only I, could meet the foe,
And conquer death on earth below.

Then from his hand I took this key!
While he sank down afraid of me;
And now these doors I open wide,
I've conquered death and hell beside;
The tyrant feels my heavy chain,
While I to you my love proclaim,
*My voice then hear beyond the tomb,
You're welcome to my glorious home.
Then leave this prison, come with me,
And my ascending glory see!

NOTE.—It is probable that very many of the Sons of God after their fall called upon God for mercy, and exercised as strong faith in the promised Messiah as did the sons of men, and as the atonement preceded their fall, its application to them in their final entrance into glory could only proceed from Him who had conquered death, and He alone could make the declaration.

* John x: 16.

The Saviour at Bethany.

NOW, near to Bethany, behold!
The Saviour leading forth His fold,
O see! on earth with awe sublime,
Th' ascension of the King Divine!
Bless'd be ye now, my people hear!
Bless'd in your work, you need not fear,
All power is to my person given,
On earth below, or high in heaven!
I bless you as you preach my name,
Go preach the Lamb for sinners slain,
I'm with you always to the end,
Your Lord and Saviour, Priest and friend.
Go! go through storms on earth below,
My free and full salvation show,
Proclaim through all the earth around,
What glories in my name are found.

To the believing sinner say,
Your sins can all be washed away;
Who sins against the Holy Ghost!
Forever his poor soul is lost!
Tell sinners I for them have died,
Endured the Cross—was crucified,
Have conquered death, have cleft his chain,
No terrors now in death remain.
The Tree of Life, to mortals say,
Is taken quite from earth away,
It bears its fruit near my blest throne,
For them to eat, and them alone.
Bless'd be your eyes for what you see!
Bless'd in this work of grace with me,
Bless'd in the realms of glory bright,
Then walk with me in endless light.
Farewell! I'll meet you once again,
Then in Jerusalem remain,
Till CORONATION anthems rise,
And glory fills the upper skies.

When I my regal power display,
At God's right hand, in realms of day!
Then I'll remember you below,
To you, my inspiration show,
My pentecostal blessing share,
Go, wait! I'll surely meet you there.

The Ascension.

WHEN glory fills the realms of light,
Translucent brightness dims the sight,
The heavens God's purposes declare,
As seraphs fill the viewless air.
Then clouds of glory men behold,
While saints and angels, millions told!
Prepare t' escort the wondrous King
And everlasting praises sing.
Hark! hear a voice in yonder sky,
Let all the Host of heaven draw nigh!
Be ope! ye everlasting doors,
The voice like mighty thunder roars,
*Be opened wide! to entertain
The Lamb of God! for sinners slain.

*See Psalm xxiv.

Then Jesus spreads His hands to bless,
He'll never love His people less,
Cherubic legions guard the way,
As up from earth to cloudless day,
He hastes! O see th' angelic choir!
The cloud of Life's seraphic fire!
From earth, O glorious King arise!
Man's consubstantial sacrifice.
O see! Immanuel leads the way,
Immaculate Conqueror! King of day!
The grand triumphal now is given,
The conqueror crowned the God of heaven.
Archangels lift their pinions high,
As this grand Convoy passes by,
And cherubim with loud acclaim,
Shout glory to th' Eternal Name.

* * * * *

But man, weak man, still gazes high,
Till LOVE and MERCY passes by,

And calls for hope and songs of praise,
To Him! who far beyond their gaze,
Is now enthroned in endless day,
Beyond the vale of mortal clay.
Why gaze, ye wonderers, O why gaze?
Behold He's lost in glory's blaze,
He'll come again to own and bless,
The people of His covenant grace,
To raise the dead again He'll come,
And welcome all His people home.
Then LOVE and MERCY flit away,
To join the Host in endless day,
And with the Council celebrate,
The day when Christ in Regal State,
Shall Deify the human clay,
And cast the cumbrous dross away.

* * * * *

Behold the grandeur! looming high,
What brilliant glory fills the sky!

The Conqueror takes the Diadem,
And heaven responds a loud amen.
He's gone! the reft disciples cry,
He's here, the archangel hosts reply,
Hope trembles in the timid soul,
While heaven's bright waves of glory roll—
Far out—no human eye can see,
Th' Celestial Throne of Deity;
Where through bright morning's gleaming arch,
The heavenly hosts in triumph march.
But see! O see! The central day—
Far out—quite far from earth away,
Arcana of delight sublime!
Where myriad sunbeams always shine,
And notes celestial ceaseless rise,
Through these bright Orient azure skies,
In everlasting songs of love,
Commingle with the Hosts above.

The Coronation.

HOLD! hold! Celestial Cherubs cry,
Behold the King of Glory's nigh!
In yonder cloud so dazzling bright,
Approaching toward these realms of light.
Who is the King of Glory there?
Who rides triumphant through the air?
They come! th' redeemed to glory come!
The COUNCIL welcomes God's dear Son!
And all the trophies of His grace,
Are welcomed to this happy place.
Crown Him ye morning sons of light!
Crown Him with dazzling glory bright!
Crown Him who conquered death and hell,
Crown Him the King Immanuel!
Then brilliant diamonds bright and fair,
And sparkling rubies glitter there,

And pearls of richer luster glow,
Than e'er were found on earth below;
And gold like tints of early morn,
His crown illumine, His head adorn,
This is the King of glory, He!
Th' incarnate form of Deity!
Then shouts of praises round the Throne,
In one vast acclamation known,
By thousands and ten thousands given
To Jesus! Now enthroned in heaven,
The Wonderful! The Counsellor!
O'er Death and Hell, the Conqueror.
He takes the mediatorial seat,
Th' atonement now is made complete.
The purchase given, the ransom paid;
The law fulfilled, the sentence stayed.
All glory to th' Eternal King!
Let all the high-born seraphs sing,
While God's redeemed in holier strains,
The great redemption loud proclaims.

To Him who felt temptation's power,
Who guards them through life's fitful hour,
Who sees the tears His people shed,
Now lives to raise the slumbering dead!
He'll take them home to endless day,
And wipe their sorrowing tears away.

The Mystie Seven.

BEHOLD the glory! see the Throne!
Is brighter than the noonday sun.
See! The mysterious, wondrous Seven,
The Mystie Seals! to mortals given,
Seven candlesticks of burnished gold,
Near to the throne our eyes behold;
Seven Pillars! Wisdom's house adorn,
More glorious than the tints of morn;
Seven thunders uttered from the throne,
Seven Vials make His terror known,
And God's Seven Spirits which He sent,
The great Grand Council represent.
Then loud the great Redeemer cries,
To earth repair! Go, leave the skies!

Go Cherub of Immortal Light,
Go Council to that world of night,
Go Spirit form Myself I send!
The Archetypal Sonship blend,
In man's redemption from the fall,
I offer still Myself for all.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

NEAR to the place where my red blood,
Fresh from the Cross, a healing flood,
My dear disciples meet to pray,
For my great Penticostal day,
To be indued! with power divine,
Then with them in thy glory shine—
O Council! touch their tongues with fire,
Their hearts enlarge, their souls inspire.
Go like a mighty rushing flame,
Go! go to them in my great Name,
And fill their souls to overflow,
And pour my Spirit out below.
'Twas done! The Council did repair
To earth! to hear the suppliant prayer,

Of God's elect! who waiting pray,
That He would now His grace display.
They wait a moment, listening, then,
As the disciples shout, amen!
Their eyes are opened wide to see,
The Spirit power of Deity!

The Celestial Fountain.

IT comes with overwhelming tide,
From Him who has for sinners died,
They talk like those of classic lore,
And unknown languages explore.
Their tongues like lambent flame appear,
The Spirit fills their souls with cheer,
While hallelujahs loud arise,
To Him who made the sacrifice.
Then let the fountain deep and wide,
Omnific—ceaseless flowing tide—
Out from the throne of God above,
An inexhaustive fount of love,
Flow on, till o'er the human soul,
God's purifying fountains roll,
Till man in excellence and love,
Shall imitate the blest above;

Shall join the host in cloudless day,
Where fears and death have passed away;
Shall at the marriage supper claim,
A seat through His atoning name,
Shall enter through His temple gate
In royal robes! In regal state,
And near His throne forever stay,
Where toils and pain have passed away.

* * * * *

Be opened then ye emerald gates!
As Jesus for His people waits,
The halcyon realms of life explore,
Where human sufferings all are o'er.
There bright elysian flowers we see,
Near to the throne of Deity,
And everlasting spring abides,
Beyond old ocean's countless tides.
The glorious city now behold,
Whose streets are paved with burnished gold,

Where saints of by-gone ages meet,
Thro' Christ redeemed, thro' Him complete.
O glorious day! thrice blest abode,
Hail Tree of Life! Hail Host of God!
Hail loved ones, past from earth away,
Hail Choir Celestial! King of Day!
Hail robes of pure and spotless white!
Hail Source of everlasting light!
Amen! so let Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will on earth, O Lord, be done.



EXPLANATION.

IN THIS POEM the attention of the reader is at once directed to the announcement in heaven, that man had violated and transgressed the Law of God. At this announcement the Eternal Father convoked a Council of all the subsidiary attributes of Himself, to decide upon the consequences of the fall, and to establish the covenant of grace, on the basis of Eternal love and mercy.

The type of the Mercy Seat, the Cherubim of glory and the Seal of the Covenant, clearly reveal the fact of a Grand Council in heaven.

In this Poem the Grand Council consists of the seven Spirits of God, the seven Pillars of Wisdom, the seven Attributes of Deity, viz., Justice, Mercy, Light, Life, Holiness, Love and Truth.

The whole thesis of this Poem is so very novel, tragical, original and singular, that the author deemed

it necessary that this explanation should accompany the Poem, and hopes the reading of this will prove alike profitable and make plain what otherwise might appear metaphysical.

This Poem does not assume to be a Theopneustic work, but simply an illustrated view of the Atonement, both Archetypal and Ultima-thule. The theology herein presented, will undoubtedly be as startling as it is new, and the author feels assured that few, if any, can read it with an unbiased mind.

It has been an admitted fact among all theological writers, from time immemorial, that a Covenant of grace had been made, and was subsequently revealed to the earliest of our race, including in it the plan and purpose of human redemption.

The inquisitive reader asks, "By whom was this Covenant of grace made?"

All the great writers and scholars of the past and present generation answer, "The covenant was made between the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

The Biblical student again asks, "Who is this Father, Son and Holy Spirit?"

The answer is, "The one only living and true God."

How strange! that a one God could make a Cov-

enaut with Himself, and sacrifice one person of Himself upon the altar of His divine nature for rebellious man, who had rendered himself totally unworthy of such a sacrifice.

Then, again, the theological divine explains the wonderful phenomena of human redemption, by showing Deity as an offended and angry party, who only can be appeased by the second person in the Trinity stepping between the offended and offender, and receiving the blow. And still only "one God without body or parts."

How mysterious! How strange!

But does the Eternal God receive glory or honor to Himself by such a strange exhibition of His wrath toward man?

In this Poem the mind of the reader is directed at once to the sublime and glorious attributes of God, which, in their subsidiary or auxiliary relation to the divine essence, form the Grand Council of the Eternal Court.

Here man's dreadful condition is revealed before the Eternal Throne in the pleas made, and the reasonableness of the sacrifice is intelligently apparent. How beautifully mellowed down to the comprehen-

sion of the reader, does this Poem present the purpose of divine grace.

Here see assembled the Grand Court of Eternal Equity, over which eternal love and goodness preside.

Here see the purpose of redemption disclosed through the sin-atonement and sin-forgiving Messiah.

Here see the Archetypal Sacrifice, which was humanly developed in the great Antitype, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The second Adam was made a quickening spirit, therefore the angels of God could only desire to look into the plan of human redemption, and to them the Book was sealed till the Archetypal Sacrifice was made. 1 Pet. i: 12. Then, and not till then, was visible the spirit form of Immanuel.

Again, none of the distinguished writers of the orthodox school have ever claimed more than a "*promise*" as a sacrificial offering till the Saviour expired on Calvary; and then, as the divine nature could not suffer, it becomes very apparent either that sin does not effect the immortal soul, or that man's immortal nature was overlooked in the sacrifice.

Now let me ask if there was no Archetypal Sacrifice made, how could man's spiritual nature be effected by the atonement? How could Moses and Elias enter the celestial city?

Can the reader not plainly see that the human sacrifice of Jesus only effected to destroy the power of death, and provide for the resurrection and deification of His body, and, in the closing drama of earthly things, secure to the children of God a part in the first resurrection. There must, therefore, of necessity have been an archetypal sacrifice, made applicable to our spiritual natures, and thence we derive the internal evidence of our spiritual restoration.

That our Saviour possessed an archetypal nature is admitted by very many, and that it was pre-existent is also admitted; and by some, so far remote was that pre-existence, as to involve the idea of the eternal Sonship of Christ.

This last idea, in my mind, is the true interpretation of the "Word," and in this relation we can understand His declaration, when He said, "before Abraham was, I am," He was the first and the last from eternity to eternity.

If, then, the soul of the first Adam could suffer to meet the demand of Justice, the second Adam—the Archetypal Christ—must suffer also. Then the prophets could say, in truth, “He was bruised for our iniquities;” “Smitten of God and afflicted.”

Here, then, we reach the climax in the Poem. This archetypal sacrifice was made antecedent to the promise, and man’s restoration provided for by the Lamb slain, from the foundation of the world. The tragedy was complete in the archetypal sacrifice, and the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel, shed “diffusive o’er the Throne.” Then by an unwavering confidence in His provision—faith in God—the application of the archetypal blood became available to the washing away of sin in all ages of the world.

By this Poem the reader will at once see why this sacrifice must be made, and the horrible idea of the Eternal Father striking His Son to appease His wrath toward an undeserving object, will be happily exchanged for a new, and, as I believe, better theory, viz., justice to man, to the attributes of God, and for the full exhibition of Love and Mercy

the sacrifice was made. This will secure to God the praises of all sentient intelligences.

The next new and startling theme in the Poem, will only commend itself to the mind of the reader, after he sees the absurdity so universally taught, and so curiously applied in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

This remarkable parable, so plain, so easily understood, is made to apply to Jew and Gentile, to saint and sinner, to Pharisee and Christian, and sometimes even to backsliders.

How strange that the elder or older son should be the Jews, and the younger son the descendants of Adam!

How strange that the older son should be the Pharisee, and the younger son the Christian!

How strange that the older son should be the saint, and the younger son the sinner; when Adam was the first man—the first sinner!

In this Poem how beautifully appears the Eternal Father, pleading in behalf of the redeemed Church before the Host of heaven. Explaining to them the wondrous plan of grace, admitting their integrity and man's necessity, and God's equity in the great

Atonement; "Child, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." Luke xv: 31.

And still another strange and new idea presents itself to the reader of this Poem, that Adam and Eve had a posterity before they fell!

Strange as this may appear, I would ask the reader to reflect, that when God placed them in the garden He commanded them to multiply and replenish the earth. This was before they fell. See Gen. i: 28. Then after the fall Adam called his wife EVE, because she *was* the *mother* of all living. How strange to have been a mother! and especially the mother of ALL living, and as yet without a child—no mother at all! Her maiden cheeks must have tinged at such a strange name, for a still more inexplicable reason, "because," etc.

The Poem assumes the position that such a posterity did exist—perhaps vastly great. The term "*all living*" carries with it that idea.

That these children of Adam were not effected by his fall, by his transgression, would appear self-evident, and that as the sin of Adam did not change his human organization, only his moral relation to God, and, as a consequence, brought pain and death;

they, that is, the children of Adam before he fell, would be like the children of Adam after he fell, only as above remarked.

The sword was placed around the Tree of Life, to protect it against those only who ate of that forbidden tree. Hence it still remained in the garden for those to eat who had not sinned, while Adam and Eve were shut out of this beautiful paradise of earth.

How strange that Cain should exercise such fear of being slain, and that God should make a decree and place a mark upon him, when he had no one to fear but his father and mother; and who could know that they would ever have another son. See Gen. iv: 15.

It is very evident that Cain's wife was not his sister, and that he did not wait till Adam's fallen posterity peopled the land of Nod, which was still further east of Eden, before he became a married man. This is so self-evident that it needs no comment.

It is still more effectually proven that there were two distinct races of men on the earth at this time, if we consider the manner in which they were distinguished: They were recognized by the Almighty

Himself as the "Sons of God" and the "Sons of Men." Why this distinguished appellation, Sons of God?"

Dr. ADAM CLARKE says: "As there is a distinction made here between *men* and those called the Sons of God, it is generally supposed that the immediate posterity of Cain and that of Seth are intended."

If that were true, Seth must have been both Cain's brother and brother-in-law, and it would be very difficult to make the distinction.

Dr. WALL thinks this passage (Gen. vi: 2) to mean "that the *chief men* took wives of all the handsome poor women they chose."

How curious that a *chief man* should be called a Son of God, and the poor be called the daughters of the children of men. How strange that *birth*, or fame, or wealth should so exalt this fallen race, as to entitle any to so distinguished honors and liberties.

The Poem shows the legitimate reason why they were called the Sons of God, and also why marriage was prohibited between the races; and reason and reflection will, I believe, convince any not too deeply interested in the old theories to abandon them at

once. How easy to see that Cain took a wife of the daughters of the Sons of God, and that by so doing she sinned—they also fell—and relieve the mind of the horrible idea of brothers and sisters marrying after the fall.

If Adam fell by transgression, so also the Sons of God fell by transgression, and the temptation to sin being in another direction, made the first transgression the father of all transgression. Hence, “by one man’s disobedience sin entered into the world;” and “in Adam all die.”

If these arguments are irrefragable, then the conclusions are inevitable, viz., that the atonement made for Adam’s posterity must necessarily be made applicable to the Sons of God, who had also fallen by transgression.

Hence the Saviour declares, “Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they *shall hear my voice*, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.” John x: 16.

To this class of intelligences (the Sons of God), there had been no covenant of promise made, nor could there have been any, for there was none revealed to the posterity of Adam till after the fall;

and, so long as they obeyed the command of God, they needed none.

But we are informed (Gen vi: 2) "that the Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all they chose," and here is revealed the cause of the great sorrow that found utterance from the lips of Deity. God declared that "His Spirit should not always strive with man," that the imaginations of his heart was only evil continually.

"Giants," "mighty men," born to the Sons of God, through this unholy wedlock, generations of near a thousand years, steeped in sin's direst chaldron, blackened by crimes the most revolting, and perpetrated by almost universal consent, till as many years had elapsed as from the commencement of the Christian era till now, and all flesh had become corrupt before God.

Now of these Sons of God, who by transgression fell, there were multitudes that sought for mercy, for pardon, for eternal life; and, notwithstanding no provision had been revealed to them yet in the equity of God, such a provision was necessarily in-

volved, and this brings us to the consideration of the "*Spirits in Prison.*"

Thus we read (1 Pet. iii: 18): "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit; by which also He went and preached to the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah while the ark was preparing wherein eight souls were saved by water." By which, "by being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the Spirit. He went and preached."

Now, notwithstanding all the arguments of Commentators, that "Christ preached through Noah," etc., yet this one fact remains, that He, by the triumphant defeat of death, visited a race, a class of intelligences, who had not till then received the plan of the great atonement.

Read 1 Pet. iv: 6: "For, for this cause was the Gospel preached to them that *are dead*, that they might be judged according to the men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit."

Who preached this Gospel to the spirits in prison?

We answer, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Why did He preach this Gospel to them?

We answer, "that they might be judged according to men in the flesh."

The sons of men who had believed on the promised Messiah, had been judged worthy of a home in glory. So He judged them also worthy of eternal life, who, through faith in His name, had been quickened by the Spirit."

I may be asked, "Where was this prison, which the Saviour visited, located?"

For the answer to this question, please read Rev. vi: 9, 10, and there the problem is solved.

Our Saviour declares that "He had the keys of death and of hell; that He had opened the prison doors to them that were bound; that He had led captivity captive."

All these passages find a plain and easy solution in this Poem.

The author is fully aware that he is now, and by this Poem places himself in the polemic front, and will feel the lash of the skeptic, the philosopher, the critic, the commentator, and the scholar; but he is still conscious that the archetypal Christ is infinitely

divisible, and that He, by this Poem, is honored; His blood the cleansing fountain; He the rock of refuge; His law fulfilled, and God's throne made transcendently glorious.

Therefore he begs of the reader to examine the arguments and the interpretations of Dr. Wall, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Henry, Dr. Gill, and all the rest of the great writers on this subject, and then judge of the
ATONEMENT ILLUSTRATED.

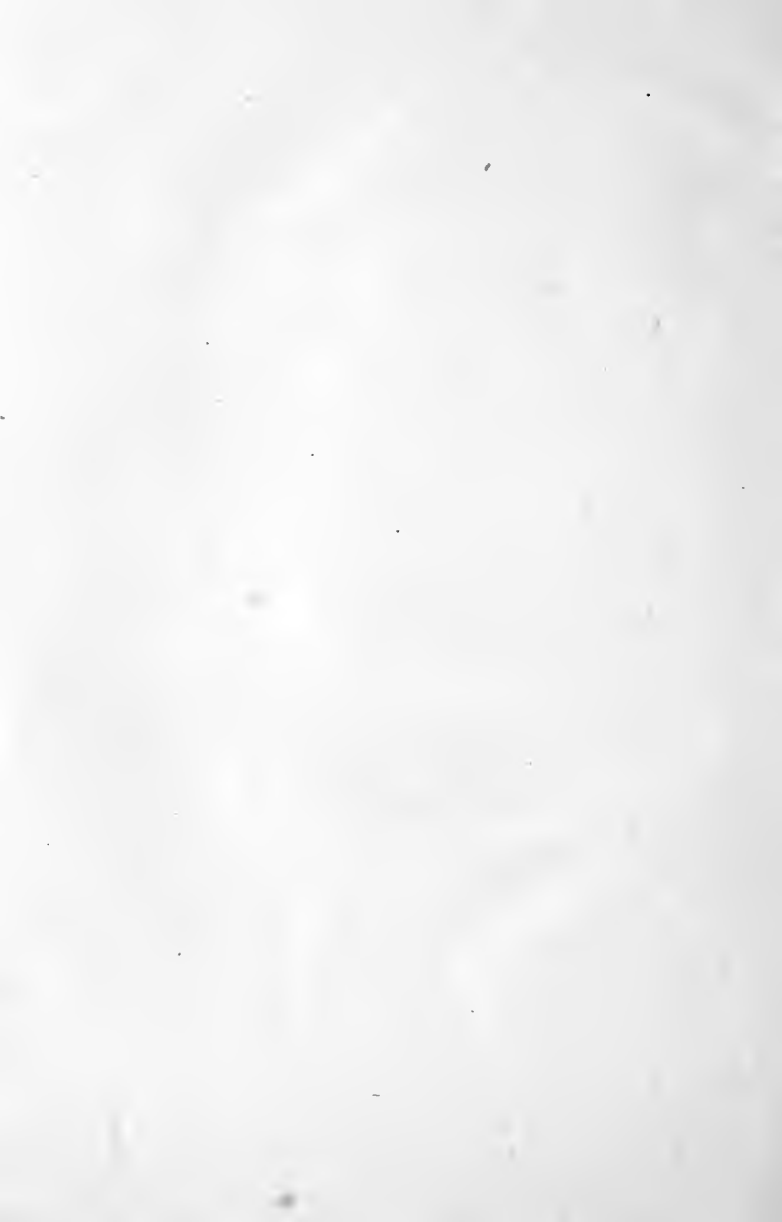
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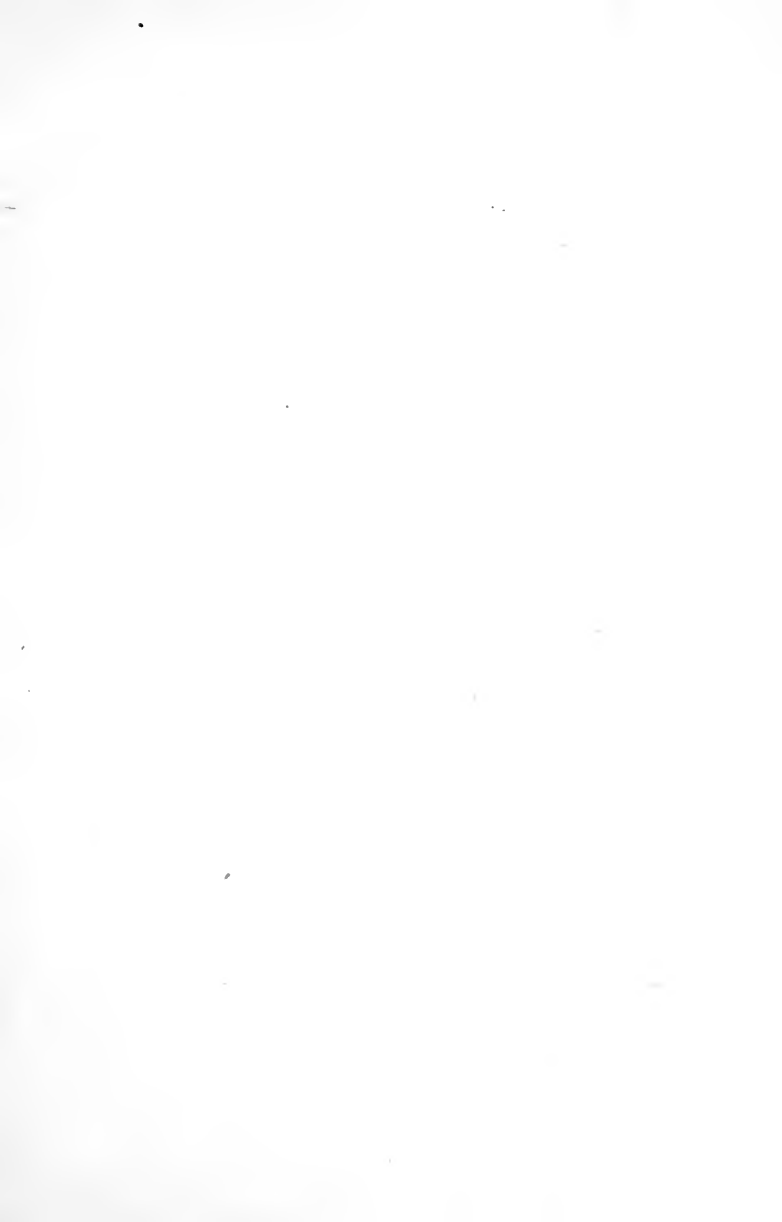


















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